

# Shrapnel and Bullets Have No Terrors For Hearst Photographer

Serbian Officers  
Eagerly Sought  
Their Own Pictures  
In N. Y. American

Newspapers are a rarity at the battle front and when a bundle of New York Americans arrived for Varges they were eagerly sought by the officers, as is shown in the picture numbered 1. Those who could not read the English language turned to the photographs hoping to see something familiar.

When the Austrians shelled Belgrade they created havoc in the royal palace. The picture numbered 3 shows a hole torn by one shell in which are standing Ariel Varges and a Serbian officer, while the photographer's assistant guards the motion picture camera.



Has Helped Bury  
Fifty-Three Friends  
In Serbian Trenches  
But Does Not Flinch

Apparently unconscious of the Austrian bullets which whistle over their heads are the Serbian officers and Varges, as shown in the picture numbered 2. Observe the sign Varges has hung at the entrance to the trench, which is in the first line of battle. The machine in the foreground is a motion picture camera.

In the fifth photograph Varges is seen distributing copies of the New York American to Serbian officers. These troops had just come from the trenches, where the photographer had been with them, as is shown in the picture just above. Despite the fact that he has attended the funerals of fifty-three men he has met since arriving in Serbia, Varges still tears a smile.

ALTHOUGH the present war in Europe was begun by Serbia and Austria, the attention of the world has been generally directed away from these nations to the larger operations conducted by the Germans against the Allies in Belgium and in France. The struggle on the Austro-Serbian frontier has been as bloody and as picturesque as in any section of the war zone and in addition the Serbs have had to combat with the dread disease, typhus fever, which has done more to decimate their numbers than have the Austrians.

Just what conditions actually exist in Belgrade and along the Serbian battle front are graphically described in the series of pictures taken by Ariel Varges, the staff photographer of the Hearst newspapers and the International News Service. These pictures have just arrived in this country and will be followed within a few days by motion pictures for the Hearst-Pictorial News.

When Sir Thomas Lipton organized and equipped a Red Cross unit for service in Serbia last January he took Mr. Varges along with him as the official photographer. The big steam yacht *Erla*, which has often been seen in American waters on the occasion of international yacht races, carried the Red Cross contingent to Italy, through which the party passed a few days after the great earthquake at Avezzano, where Mr. Varges made several very remarkable photographs, which were later shown in the American.

Escorted by the Crown Prince. Early in February Sir Thomas and his party entered Serbia, where they were escorted by Crown Prince Alexander. They arrived in Belgrade just at the time the Austrians were bombarding the Serbian capital.

The difficulty under which Mr. Varges made his photographs, the dangers through which he and his companions passed are best described by him in letters which he wrote home at the time. He was under fire constantly and twice he was very near death. In this respect he was more fortunate than two of his servants, one of whom was killed by an Austrian bullet, and the other contracted typhus fever and died a horrible death.

PHOTOS © 1915 BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE. In his first letter after arriving in Serbia, Mr. Varges says: "The Austrian artillery at Semla across the Danube opened fire on Belgrade this afternoon and killed thirty people, wounding an equal number. The bombardment of the city was a surprise to the military people, as since the Serbian evacuation and the later occupation in December, both factions had considered the cities as neutral areas."

"The firing began at two o'clock, as I was photographing Sir Thomas Lipton with Prince Paul, the young nephew of King Peter, in the Palace grounds. Our first warning was a tin-bell which burst across the street, which killed a family and wrecked a store. Following the first salvo from the Austrians we experienced difficulty in breaking for cover, as my coach had disappeared along with the man carrying my motion picture outfit."

"With the weather too inclement for pictures, Mr. Ashew and myself proceeded to the fortress to see the battle, as at luncheon Colonel D. Tonteglich had suggested we visit his artillery the following day for pictures."

Under Fire for Three Hours. "The colonel, who is a most genial soldier, apologized for the Austrian firing and invited us to see his positions, along with a trip to the Russian and French naval battalions. "Up to this period the Serbians had ignored the enemy's fire. However, a surprise was being prepared in the form of two salvoes from the Allied guns simultaneously. The Serbians raised the main business section of Semla with the first salvo. The Grand Hotel, which boomed up, disappeared in a cloud of dust, and from reports the Austrian General Staff was in conference there at the time."

"During the heavy firing Colonel Tonteglich conducted us through the shelter pits to the fire control, or battery commander's position. Here we beheld a panoramic view of our guns, with Semla opposite, and could not help but feel the feeling of tension one goes through when seeing guns shoot at you and a few minutes later be stunned by the effect of their own bursting, although by this time we had become accustomed to the whistling of shrapnel and lyddite. The battle lasted three hours and at least three hundred guns were used by each side."

For many months this man, Ariel Varges, has represented the Hearst newspapers and the International News Service at the most picturesque battle-fronts in Europe—those of Serbia. He has secured remarkable photographs, and has twice been in danger of death from Austrian shells. He has lost two servants, one killed by rifle fire and the other dying of the dread typhus fever. Varges is now at the front in Italy making pictures for the Hearst newspapers and news services.

Thursday, the following morning, an Austrian colonel with an aide crossed the river with a flag of truce, requesting that both sides hereafter confine their firing exclusively to positions.

Serbs Grateful to Lipton Party. "Sir Thomas during his stay was welcomed most cordially by the Serbs, who have treated his mission with the utmost appreciation. Conditions here are appalling. The different relief bureaus should send help here to cope with the disease. Many of the foreign doctors, American, English and Russian, are ill from typhus. The Serbs are still afraid of conditions."

"With Sir Thomas returned to Belgrade I joined the military headquarters to become accredited with the army. I will be the first I run from exposure, but feel we must have good copy from Serbia, and will go to the front along the frontier."

"While at Belgrade a sad incident occurred in connection with the banquet tendered Sir Thomas by the Lord Mayor. Two officers assigned to delivering invitations were hit by a bursting shell, one being killed

and the other wounded." For a month following this letter not a word came from Varges and it was feared that an accident had befallen him. Photographs were sent him and finally this letter arrived explaining his silence. "I am writing this letter in a peculiar state of mind, as I have been advised of your worry over my disappearance and have done all in my power to cable Towsen. Each week I have cabled but seemingly nothing has passed the censor. "As you know, I am at the actual front and have been for three weeks."

Fears Disease More Than Bullets. "Here everything is in the control of the war offices, which believe me, are the powers that be in Serbia. But aside from the Austrians, who are a most active enemy with their artillery, I am contented going about under fire. What I fear most is a little insignificant bug called a mouse, as it is this that is killing hundreds each day by typhus fever. "To date I have been in the best of health, but for the last seven days have been exercised over my companion, an Italian correspondent, named Umberto Romagnolo, who is dying of spotted fever. Since leaving military headquarters we have traveled together and lived in the trenches at Zafale. It is here, I imagine, he was bitten by a louse and infected. "For five days I nursed the boy and brought him to the American hospital at Belgrade. On two occasions Umberto saved my life, one from shrapnel and the other from rifle fire, so it is here I will stay, and if the boy goes under it's only decent that I see him buried, as he had agreed to do the same with me. "Here in little Serbia I live at the front and do mostly as I like, for I have formed a great personal friendship with the officers. The military attaché who accompanied me from headquarters in a navy hat but appreciated the holiday and consequently delays a quick escape from the country. "Really, I believe I have some of the best pictures made during the war. But when one considers the cost, believe me, never again. I have lost two servants, one from shrapnel and the other from rifle fire. "Doctor Donnelly Killed Himself. "The Austrians are an active enemy, firing across the river continually. This morning it appears open to the Italian side of the French bridge and as a surprise they bombarded their quarters (7th Infantry barracks), landing the shot. A singular feature is that the building carried a Red Cross flag which undoubtedly was the target. The barracks are adjacent to the American hospital. "The saddest feature of the Serbian campaign to the interest of Americans is the death of Dr. Francis Donnelly, who was in charge of the unit at the front. Don-

nally, who was a prominent New York doctor, and a member of the Ladies Club of New York, went down with the fever in February and committed suicide with a enemy's rifle."

"The American unit at the border was in a town called Grevigia and had converted a tobacco factory into a hospital. There the average number of typhus patients was about fifteen hundred."

"It is difficult to describe the scene at Grevigia, but picture eight wagons carrying six dead each and twenty men carrying litters all day, and you have an idea of the conditions. It is no wonder Donnelly shot himself. Most of the nursing staff went under, with two doctors. "Monday, March 29th, the Crown Prince Alexander arrived to visit the positions and the front. The Prince, as you know, is the Regent of Serbia at present. In the afternoon he visited the British positions with Admiral Troubridge, who is in command of the British naval mission."

Has Helped Bury Fifty-three Friends. "Tuesday, March 30th, The Prince called at the American hospital and was welcomed by Dr. Kirby Smith, Prince Alexander expressed keen delight in the American unit, as it represents the best hospital of Serbia. After visiting the wards he talked to the Serbian and Austrian patients, who share the same room. "I have made some excellent pictures of his visit to the front, but Tuesday's heavy rain called off the work. In this country the slogan is, 'Surre (tomorrow), rain, sleeping and typhus.' "The Serbian Government was most kind to me, assigning an officer from headquarters along with servants. In most places I was given horses, and a motor when possible. "The typhus fever is raging havoc. I have attended fifty-three funerals of chaps I met. As you know, the American Red Cross unit has lost two members, with many others falling victims of the infection. "Mr. Varges started with the Lipton party unit Sir Thomas returned to England, at which time he went to the front as he does now. "He was at the battle front from the latter part of February until the second week in April. After leaving Serbia he made his way to Italy, arriving in Turin the following day. "After much difficulty permission was secured for him to accompany the Italian army on its march on Austria. He is three now and will doubtless continue to make the remarkable news photographs which have characterized the columns of the Hearst newspapers since the war began."



## —SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1913





# HEARST PHOTOGRAPHER PENETRATED INTO HEART OF WAR-TORN SERBIA

Ariel Vargas Tells of 'Making' the War as Guest of Sir Thomas Lipton and Crown Prince of Serbia--Second Installment

**Hearst-Selig Man Relates Experiences in Trip from Marseilles on the Lipton Yacht to Saloniki, through Greece and Serbia.**

"The Examiner" presents herewith the second chapter of the experiences of Ariel Vargas, Staff Photographer of the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial and International News Service, in "Making War." Last Sunday Mr. Vargas told of being sent to Europe with blank instructions to get action on the front, wherever that might be. He had no idea of the nature of the trip, but he was to get it. He was to get it in London as impossible. To fit in the time he went to Italy and "made" an earthquake. He returned to Marseilles to meet Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, although the Red Cross authorities, to which the British sportsman had turned over his boat, had refused to let him aboard. Mr. Vargas is now at the front with the Italian army. His story was transcribed by Hepha Tait.

LONDON, July 28.—In the face of a refusal to allow him to embark on the Erin and continue with the Red Cross mission to Serbia, Mr. Vargas' first move on his arrival at Marseilles was characteristically unexpected. He presented himself before the Naval Harbor Master and announced that he was one of Sir Thomas Lipton's party. Sir Thomas himself was coming from London, via Paris, to board the Erin when it arrived at Marseilles. Without saying so, the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial photographer allowed the Naval Harbor Master to infer that he was there as an advance courier of the titled Englishman. From that moment onward Mr. Vargas was in receipt daily of rudiments, received by the Naval Harbor Master, telling of the progress of the Erin. When Sir Thomas arrived, three days later, Mr. Vargas was able to tell him all about the position of the yacht and just when she would arrive in Marseilles. He had gathered from various boats all the letters and cablegrams that had been dispatched to Sir Thomas and turned them over to that gentleman at the railway station. Although he had managed to collect but a little evidence to prove to Sir Thomas that he was well fitted to be one of the party, but it seemed useless.

"My boy," said Sir Thomas, "I want to take you, but I think it's impossible. Captain Bennett is in command of the expedition." Was Mr. Vargas discouraged? He doesn't say. But when the Erin steamed out of Marseilles two days later, Mr. Vargas was on board.

There were four English correspondents accredited to the mission, along with an English photographer, on the yacht, said Mr. Vargas. "Above, the photographer, was a little fellow and I asked him where he was missing. He said he was missing with the others. 'The men for me,' I said him, and it was the men for me for the whole trip.

CAPTAIN USES METHODS IN VOYAGE ON DREADNAUGHT.

The first day out I discovered that Captain Bennett intended nobody should lose sight of the fact that he was in command of this expedition. Here was a hospital ship, which had been famous in yachting centers, with a captain who had never lost any naval training, instituting methods in voyage on a super-dreadnaught. Sir Thomas's secretary was taken over bodily by Captain Bennett. The chief fact was writing Orders of the Day and posting them on the cabin door. I didn't worry much, because I knew I had an ally in Sir Thomas. Every morning when he met me on deck he would say, "Yankee Doodle, what's your programme for the day?" And when I'd point to Captain Bennett's notice on the cabin door he would laugh out loud.

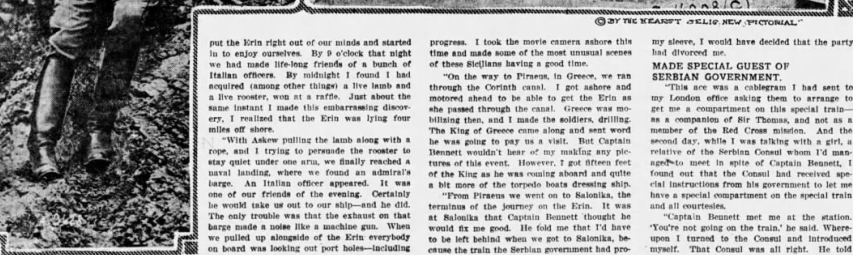
"A head wind and a little sea decided Captain Bennett to put in at Monte Carlo, much to everybody's delight. But before we had time to anchor, another notice was posted on the cabin door. It was signed by Captain Bennett, and told us that we must not gamble—if we visited the Casino. That's going a super-dreadnaught's skipper one better."

"We were laying a long way out, and in between us and the shore was the Prince of Monaco's yacht. I knew her, because when she was in New York I photographed the Prince on board. Getting ashore was made just about twice as difficult as necessary, as Captain Bennett allowed only one small boat to be used for this purpose. The way I figured it out my turn wouldn't come along until some time the next day—so I put my bag with the Monte Carlo worked the signal flag, my money, as it happened. Right under the nose of our military captain, he wig-wagged to the Prince's yacht and sent a message that resulted in a boat putting out and coming over to us. With Asker I jumped down the companion and, with my prize money, tendered and we went, very much to Captain Bennett's annoyance.

CAPTAIN TRIES, BUT FAILS, TO LOSE PHOTOGRAPHER.

"I suppose I should have chanced my luck even if Captain Bennett's Orders of the Day hadn't forbidden it, but at it was I couldn't get to the Casino quick enough. The very first minute I picked out, 16, was—and I got 350 francs in gold for the 10 francs I had bet. Before the evening was over I had had a cracking good supper and was close to 700 francs in the pocket. But even this prize money didn't count as much as the thought that we had laughed at that Order of the Day.

THESE pictures illustrate the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton, Ariel Vargas and their party in Serbia. Upper right—Sir Thomas Lipton in conversation with Prince Paul, the young heir apparent of Serbia, before the Royal Palace. Left to right—Dr. Ernest Ricknell of the Serbian Foreign Office; Herr Grouitch, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was extremely courteous to Mr. Vargas and gave him great assistance in obtaining passports for the firing lines; Henry James and Colonel Herle. Mr. James and Colonel Herle were sent to Serbia to formulate plans for the campaign to be fought by the Rockefeller Foundation to overcome the terrible epidemic of typhus fever. To the advice of these two gentlemen, Mr. Vargas attributes his good fortune in escaping the contraction of typhus. Lower left—Prince Alexander of Serbia. Lower right—Serbian battery ingeniously established under the protection of a solidly constructed railway arch, from which position they successfully bombarded the enemies' position.



"After two days at Monte Carlo we set out for Messina, where another squall stopped us. Captain Bennett had everything a skipper ought to have—except an log. Of course my only object was to separate myself from him, but this time he intended the separation should be short.

"Now, young man," he said, "you've got to be back on this yacht at 6 o'clock."

"But I had all the Monte Carlo money in my pocket, and when Asker and I got ashore we found a big carnival going. So we just put the Erin right out of our minds and started in to enjoy ourselves. By 9 o'clock that night we had made life-long friends of a bunch of Italian officers. By midnight I found I had acquired (among other things) a live lamb and a live rooster, won at a raffle. Just about the same instant I made this embarrassing discovery, I realized that the Erin was lying four miles off shore.

"With Asker pulling the lamb along with a rope, and I trying to persuade the rooster to stay quiet under one arm, we finally reached a naval landing, where we found an admiral's barge. An Italian officer appeared. It was one of our friends of the evening. Certainly he would take us out to our ship—and he did. The only trouble was that the exhaust on that barge made a noise like a machine gun. When we pulled up alongside of the Erin everybody on board was looking out port holes—including Captain Bennett. Also all the gunnery were drawn up. The only thing left for us to do was to climb up twenty feet of rope that was hanging from a boat boom. I think Captain Bennett was pretty near as nervous as I was. I could negotiate that rope. Anyway, he seemed untroubled than ever next morning when he saw me."

MAKES KING OF GREECE AND THE SOLDIERS MOBILIZING.

"From Messina we ran around Sicily into the Adriatic, but once more head was decided Captain Bennett to seek shelter, and we put in at Catania. There another carnival was in progress. I took the movie camera ashore this time and made some of the most unusual scenes of those Sicilians having a good time."

"On the way to Piræus, in Greece, we ran through the Corinth canal. I got ashore and motored ahead to be able to get the Erin as she passed through the canal. Greece was mobilizing then, and I made the soldiers, drilling. The King of Greece came along and sent word he was going to pay us a visit. But Captain Bennett wouldn't hear of my making any pictures of this event. However, I got fifteen feet of the King as he was coming aboard and quite a bit more of the torpedo boats dressing ship.

"From Piræus we went on to Salonika, the terminus of the journey on the Erin. It was at Salonika that Captain Bennett thought he would fix me good. He told me that I'd have to be left behind when we got to Salonika, because the train the Serbian government had provided was a purely Red Cross affair, with no room in it for an American photographer.

"Now I knew I had a surprise waiting for him at Salonika, so I was just as polite as he was. 'I want to thank you, Captain,' I said. 'For all you've done.' And I let it go at that for the time being."

At Salonika the whole party was held up two days waiting for the special train. During the wait the Serbian Consul and a special representative who had come down from Nish to meet Sir Thomas and the party, laid themselves out to be nice. But I was never introduced to anybody, and it hadn't been for the ace up

**Sees Austrian Shells Explode and Tries to Get a Picture of Them in Action. A Human Story from Standpoint of American**

orderlies in with us. But I refused to allow it. It wasn't that I didn't like the orderlies. But I had to get my own back. Just before the train started Captain Bennett sent an orderly back with a basket of lunch for Asker and me. I refused that also. Asker and I had bought what we needed to eat.

GREEK SOLDIERS SING "TIPPERARY" FOR PARTY.

"The trip from Salonika to the Greek frontier was without incident except that we were cheered all along the line by Greek soldiers, most of them singing 'Tipperary' for us at the stations. At Grevolada, the station on the Serbian frontier, we stopped two hours and inspected the American Red Cross mission there. It is in a large tobacco factory and was crowded to the roof with patients. The man in charge was Dr. Francis Donnelly, a member of the Little Club of New York and an old friend of mine. He it was who told Captain Bennett the first news we had had of the typhus plague and the havoc it was playing in the country.

"Never having heard of typhus, I was curious. Dr. Donnelly took me over four after four where 1,800 cases of typhus, typhoid, smallpox and had surgical cases were lying on straw on the floor. There were no beds. It looked like a hotel hospital. There were 600 cases of typhus. The poor devils were mostly delirious, crying and shrieking. American prisoners were holding them down, to prevent their jumping out the windows. I counted forty dead in one room. You could tell the dead, because there would be no Austrian holding them. Dr. Donnelly explained they didn't have enough men to remove the dead from the wards as rapidly as the poor wretches died and sometimes a sick man would lie a whole day before a nurse could get to him."

"Major surgical operations were going on right in the same room with these delirious patients. I saw Dr. Ernest Ricknell of the Washington, a director of the American Red Cross, operating in this room. There were no anesthetics and many of the cases died after amputations and other major operations—from nerve shock. Dr. Ricknell took me out to a tent where ten out of twelve of the American Red Cross nurses were down with typhus. I learned later that not one of those girls died. One American doctor was down with the disease and another was beginning to show symptoms.

"When we got to Nish we were met by Dr. Grouitch, under secretary of the Foreign Office, whose wife, by the way, is an American. Here the Red Cross party separated from the Lipton unit—much to the relief of the Lipton unit. Dr. Grouitch told me he personally would take care of me—and the first thing he did was to get me all the passes I needed to get about the country with. I made all the stuff in Nish that was interesting the first day."

CROWN PRINCE TAKES VARGAS THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

"Then the Crown Prince sent his automobile for me and Asker. In the party besides the Crown Prince were Sir Thomas and two staff officers. We motored through the country all the afternoon. It was hard to realize that this was the Crown Prince. He was like an overgrown boy, about twenty-eight, I judge. He exuded my camera and wasn't satisfied until he knew all about it. Once he stopped the car and got out to talk to a wounded soldier and I made notes of him. Then it began to rain and we went back to Nish.

"From Nish we went to Belgrade in a special train. The whole journey was just a succession of burials. It was pretty bad, every time you looked out the window, to see a little group beside an open grave. It was at the very height of the typhus plague."

"We left the train at Topchider, twelve miles from Belgrade. The Austrians shell the railway beyond this point every day. We were then by us wagons the rest of the way, and had our first taste of shell fire, two shells bursting not far enough to do us any danger.

"They told us when we got to Belgrade that there had been no bombardment of the city that day, the firing being confined to positions around the city. In the afternoon the Crown Prince sent for me to photograph him at the palace, with Sir Thomas. When I got there I found the four English correspondents trying to get a lengthy interview. The light was getting bad so I asked the Prince to sit in short and step outside. At just about the same instant a 12-inch shell burst behind the palace—and three English correspondents disappeared. As far as I could make out, they were all AI spriters."

"While I was making the Crown Prince and Sir Thomas outside the palace, a machine gun shell dropped about 200 yards away. Sir Thomas beat it away in a wagon and the Crown Prince stepped in the palace. The light was getting bad, so I asked the Prince to sit in short and step outside. At just about the same instant a 12-inch shell burst behind the palace—and three English correspondents disappeared. As far as I could make out, they were all AI spriters."

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# HEARST PHOTOGRAPHER CAMPS IN BOMB-BATTERED BELGRADE TO GET PICTURE OF A BURSTING SHELL

Ariel Vargas Tells How He Made a War and Got Real Action Movies in Serbian Capital and the Trenches Under Austrian Fire. Third Installment

**Travels Through War-Swept Little Nation Several Times in His Search for Material, Is Temporarily Baffled by the Hidden Batteries, but Stays With It and Gets Good Stuff**

THIS is the third installment of Ariel Vargas' story on "Making a War," as told to *Harper's*. Vargas is staff photographer of the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial and International News Service and is now at the front with the Italian army. In previous chapters he told of being sent to Europe with blank instructions to get battle scenes. The whole far-flung war territory was his field. He went first to London, arranged to join Sir Thomas Lipton's party, "made" an earthquake in Italy, returned to Marseille, sailed with the great English sportsman to Belgrade, traversed Greece and Serbia to Belgrade. This chapter relates his activities in the Serbian capital.

LONDON, July 28.—A characteristic of young Mr. Vargas is a kind of breezy optimism that never fails to impress one with a feeling that here is an individual who waxes strong on prohibitions. Although he doesn't say so this characteristic undoubtedly accounts for his remaining in Serbia—long after his companions, the accredited war correspondents, had turned their backs on the plague-ridden land.

While he was high in a turret of the palace, still trying to obtain the Hraze-Selig News Pictorial a moving picture of the bursting of a twelve-inch shell, an excited sentry rushed up to him. "You're young," gasped the sentry, accompanying the words with wild gestures that were intended to emphasize the urgency of the spoken "Hraze-Selig."

"But," the photographer explained to me, "there was still enough light left to make a shell bursting if only I could catch one—and so I stuck."

I wonder if newspaper readers of a Sunday—a peaceful, American, prosperous Sunday—

enclosed in an easy chair and idly glancing through pictorial sections of Sunday newspapers, ever stop to think how those photographs have been obtained, at what cost to the photographer, the result of what personal disregard of peril. I confess, until I had heard Mr. Vargas tell dispassionately of his own experiences under fire it never occurred to me that "making" a war was any more hazardous than "covering" a war—and it is perfectly well understood that war correspondents' names never figure in casualty lists. But there is a very great difference between the risks run by war correspondents and war photographers. And once one thinks about it, the reason for the difference is plain enough.

**WAITS FOR THE SHELL.**

TO HURRY AND GET MOVIE. A correspondent can write the most thrilling, most vivid word description of the shelling of a city—when he is miles away from the danger zone and with his sole first-hand information gained during a precipitous flight! The war photographer has no such opportunity. He must be in the danger zone, if he is to record the effects of a bombardment. And so, as young Mr. Vargas puts it, he stuck!

With dusk came a new rainstorm that presently developed into a blizzard. Before he could cover the mile from the palace to the hotel Mr. Vargas found himself sufficing through great snowdrifts. And to his own intense disgust he had failed to get "a foot" of a shell explosion!

"At the hotel," continued Mr. Vargas, "I found out that the English correspondent who had had so much to say about being handicapped by a woman correspondent was now very keen to get out of Belgrade. He had had more than enough. Nobody seemed to have the slightest objection to letting him have his own way—and he left for England, via an ox wagon, as soon as it was dark. The other three men correspondents and the American girl wanted to stay a little longer and see something of the war. So it was arranged that we should all go the next morning to the principal fortress outside the city."

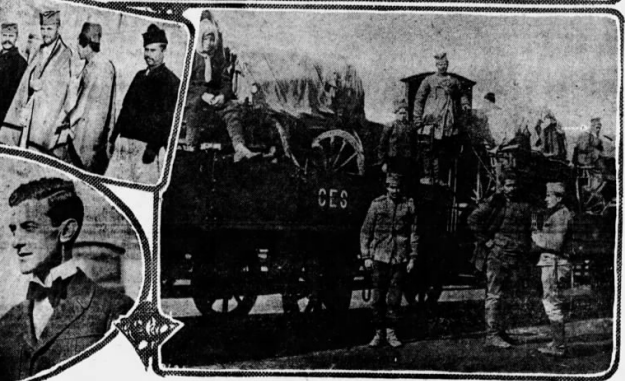
"Colonel D. Tugofitch took us in hand at daybreak and up we went to the fortress. Even before we left the hotel the Austrians had begun the morning bombardment, several hundred shells dropping into the city as we dressed. When we got to the fortress I quickly discovered that this is no photographer's war. There is absolutely nothing to see with the eye, much less to photograph. Everything is hidden. As the Colonel took us up through the fortress the guns were crashing all around us, but never a one could be seen. Every battery was hidden so artfully that you could guess its position only by the noise.

**THREE ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT.**

"On a knoll, inside the fortress, was the fire control, in a trench. It is an old Romanian fortress with walls 60 feet thick at the base and 100 feet thick on top. There were even made trenches in the very top of these walls. While we were all in the fire control trench,

## SCENES ABOUT SERBIA, TAKEN BY VARGES

Above—Wounded Serbian soldiers in front of American Red Cross Hospital at Belgrade. Lower left—Group of wounded soldiers on the lawn of hospital. Sir Thomas Lipton and Dr. Edward Ryan, physician in charge. Lower right—Serbian soldiers and transport wagons and freight carts on their way to the front.



behind Semlin Point to draw off the Serbian shell fire from the town of Semlin. The Serbs had been peppering Semlin with incendiary shells and the town was on fire in a dozen places. It was pretty warm business when that monitor began to concentrate all her fire on the fortress. You'd see a burst of flame and then a puff of gas from the monitor. Then you'd hear a chugging. You'd hear only the chug-chug-chug of the shell if it were going to hit underneath the wall. If it were going over it was more like the roar of a fast express train. While the monitor was giving us all it had an Austrian howitzer battery had found us and was dropping shells inside the fortress, lobbing them over like some expert tennis player. When one of these howitzer shells came along it made a noise like the snap of a whip. All these shells were solid shot. The Austrians were using no shrapnel that morning.

"And just then I discovered what I believe is still unknown in Serbia. It came about as a result of the unusual ferocity of the Austrian shelling. With the monitor cracking along for all she was worth and this howitzer battery divorcing itself of shells at top speed, the Colonel decided it was time he did everything he could by way of reply. He wouldn't have bothered, perhaps, if the Austrian fire had been just ordinary, but they were dropping 300 twelve-inch shells an hour into us. And so he gave the word to put everything into action. He did it over the telephone, which he grabbed out of a lieutenant's hand.

**EMPLOYS FIVE LANGUAGES IN STARTING BOMBARDMENTS.**

"Hullo, Francaise marine batterie," he says in a sing-song voice. And then he gives them the range. "Hullo, Russie howitz," gives them the range. "Hullo, Turkish howitz; hullo, Bulgarique grande canon; hullo, Schwab; quick fire; hullo, British range finder." All of them, in different lan-

guages he says, "Correct all ranges and splashers."

"Afterward he explained. For the life of me I couldn't understand why he was talking in Turkish, Bulgarian, or Russian, or the rest. But it seems that the British, French and Russians have secretly sent what they call 'missions' to Serbia, and these missions, in fact, are picked crews of artillerymen and officers with the very heaviest artillery pieces. The British mission is equipped with a big navy 300-mm range finder, and has naval 13-inch guns, with the muzzles sawed off and mounted on field carriages. It would have done your heart good to see this bunch of British big-jackets at work—farther away from the sea than any sailorman ever got before, in action.

"The Turkish battery and the Bulgarian artillery had all been captured in the Balkan war, along with plenty of ammunition. The Serb gunners had learned how to handle this equipment as well as the original gunners. The Schwab quick fire is an Austrian field piece, captured since this war began from the Austrians. Hence the name for her. You can pay an Austrian, hence the name for these big guns. As the Colonel explained to me, this was no time to pick and choose when it came to equipment. But I often wondered what those Austrians felt like when they saw the destruction that Turkish and Bulgarian and Austrian shells were making in their own ranks.

"After everything the Serbs had got started thing began to look pretty bad for the Austrians. Pretty soon a British 13-inch shell knocked off the stern superstructure of the monitor—and it ran to cover behind Semlin Point. Semlin itself was in flames in twenty places. The Colonel seemed pretty well pleased with the way things were going and invited the American woman correspondent and me into an underground part of the fortress for Turkish coffee and preserves. The shells were still bursting all around us, but nobody paid

any attention to them. And that Turkish coffee was immense!

**GIRL IS ONLY ONE OF THE WRITERS TO STICK**

"The next day I made a big French gun that had been smashed, but that was the only thing after forty-eight hours that even suggested a worth-while picture. There was no war worrying about it, so I showed up at the banquet they were giving Sir Thomas, Dr. Edward Ryan, head of the American Red Cross Mission at the front, was transmuter. They call him the hero of Belgrade because he saved the city from being burned by the Austrians when they were in occupation. I wondered how he was able to do it, and asked him.

"By bulldozing them," he told me. And he looks as if he could! "Right there with the best of them was the little American woman correspondent—in an evening dress!"—(How she managed that was a mystery nobody ever did solve)—and beside her the little Serbian artillery captain that had commandeered the ox wagon for her. He had been her guide all through those forty-eight hours and (this is only my personal opinion) would have cheerfully given up his commission if by doing so he might have had the chance to keep on being her guide the rest of his life. She was the only one of the writers that had stuck—and very many comments were paid to her by all the speakers.

"The next day, February 21, the Lipton party left Belgrade for Kragujevac, Serbian military headquarters, and then on to Nish. At Nish they tried to persuade me to leave Serbia because of typhus, but I said I was going to stick it out. They all shook heads and said goodbye, as if they believed it was goodbye. It wasn't what you would call a cheerful farewell. It might be interesting to mention that at Kragujevac every woman in the city is at work making ammunition in the arsenals.

"It was up to me now to get back to the front. So I went to Gratchin and reminded him that it was Washington's birthday—and no American was ever refused anything on February 22. He advised me strongly not to go back, but gave in finally and sent me along to the Minister of War for my laissez-passer. The Minister of War sent my application by courier to the Quarter General and after a two days' wait the order came that I was to proceed with a special courier to Kragujevac.

**BITTEN BY VERMIN WITH TYPHUS INFECTION**

It was an all-night rail journey and we started armed with naphthalin and other disinfectants—for use in the railway coach. In spite of these precautions we were literally covered with vermin, as soon as the one candle we had burned out. One especial kind of vermin is the one that carries typhus infection—and at daybreak I discovered I had been bitten by a great many of this kind.

"At Kragujevac I reported to the Peas Bureau, where I got my pass. Captain Jean Pantelitch was there assigned to be my attaché and from that time on we never parted company until I left Serbia. Besides other passes I got one special pass that gave me permission to live at the front and make pictures. I managed to get this very valuable pass by persuading the Serbian officials that they absolutely needed a photographic record of the war—and unless they let me do it they would have none.

"We started for the front in a big automobile, but twenty miles out from Kragujevac we had a smash up, blowing out all four tires, breaking the dash pan and one cylinder head. We decided then to travel by rail, for all the vermin. We walked three miles to the nearest station and finally got to Topchider, where for the second time I made the fourteen-mile journey to Belgrade by ox wagon.

"For ten days it either rained or snowed all the time. Picture making was out of the question. The enforced idleness gave me a chance to get acquainted with an Italian, named Umberto Romagnoli, from Rome, who was a combination correspondent and moving picture man. He was due back in Italy very soon on account of the mobilization, but he had no intention of going back. He had seen all he wanted to see of war, and was keen

Sir Thomas Lipton and Party Leave, and All Correspondents Flee Typhus-Ridden Land. American Girl Stays Longest.

to get to Russia—maybe because it is a big country and you can get away from fighting if you go far enough in it. He was particularly anxious to have him stay because he spoke the language and I could use him as an interpreter. The argument I used to clinch the question of his going or staying was after I discovered that he was attached to the Italian Aviation Corps. He agreed with me that it was better even to die of typhus—much better than to drop several thousand feet in an aeroplane.

**CROSSER RIVER UNDER FIRE OF FOUR MACHINE GUNS.**

"We worked out of Belgrade over sixty miles of front and managed to make some excellent pictures. One adventure we had was typical of many. It happened on Sagunski Island, in the Sava river. The captain in charge of the detachment holding this island asked me to come out one day and presently he sent a wagon to fetch me. It was a twelve-mile ride to a sugar factory on the bank of the Sava. We were always under fire, all the way. Austrian snipers killed a man and a woman 100 yards ahead of us, in another ox wagon. The captain was waiting for us at the sugar factory and 'Homey' and I made the troops, using it as a base. There was a big howitzer battery behind the factory, working away for all it could get, but it was so cleverly concealed it was impossible to see any of it.

"The thing that interested me was how we were going to get across to the island. Austrian shells were sweeping the open stretch of water constantly. But the captain led us to a fifty-foot motor boat and told us to get in. The boat was armored inside and outside with angle iron, but it didn't look any too safe at that. To make things more cheerful the captain told us that as soon as the boat left the protection of the quay the Austrians would pour four machine guns on us. "He spoke the truth. For a half mile they peppered us, the bullets bursting against the angle iron like firecrackers. The Austrians are using a special explosive bullet, which has got dum dum beaten to death."

Mr. Vargas has one of these bullets, unexploded, and when he turned it over to the United States army authorities, as he plans to do, something akin to a sensation may well result. The bullet, he explained, is so made, is in effect a miniature high-explosive shell and is composed of no fewer parts than this type of big gun ammunition. The wound caused is infinitely worse than anything yet devised for small arms. So far as the records show this bullet is used only by the Austrians, even the Germans having nothing like it.

**INVITED OVER TO TRENCHES OF AUSTRIANS**

"The dead-end of the Serbian navy, as we decided to call the motor boat, finally reached the cover of the island and we got ashore. The Austrians were on the island, their trenches only eighty yards away from us. Between them and us was a channel of swiftly flowing water which cut the island in two, this owing to the high water. The Serbs were firm enough to use anything heavier than machine guns and neither side dared shell the island from the land batteries for fear of killing their own men. It's a lovely place. Except where the interlarded matings of small trees are placed on the ground, you sink into mud up to your knees. Conditions are so bad that the men are forced to stay on the island only four hours at a time. And yet, even here, the human side of these fighting men, Austrian and Serb, came to the surface not infrequently. For our benefit the Serbs would stick a hat up on top of a rifle and cry, 'Pitche pants, over to the Austrians. This means 'Friendly monkey' and the Austrians seem to like it. Anyway they would cease firing and then get up on top of the trenches and wave and shout across to one another.

"When they told me it was all right, I got up and told the Austrians who I was. 'American ally, slick operator,' I yelled. "Come on over here and make our pictures," yelled back an officer in German.

"But Pantelitch, my attaché, decided not to let me be tempted. Making a megalomaniac of his hands, he yelled in German, 'Nothing doing, swine! beat it, you men with the yellow streak!'"

"And immediately hell broke loose. If Pantelitch had deliberately planned to let me see what machine gun fire at its best is like, he couldn't have gotten out of a loophole. As I passed Rover he suddenly pulled me down—and an explosive bullet whizzed by my ear and burst in the dirt wall of the trench."

**END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT**



HEARST PHOTOGRAPHER TOILS DILIGENTLY AS TYPHUS DECIMATES SERBIA

Ariel Vargas Says He Grew Accustomed to Death-Dealing Shells and Slept With a Fever Patient, Unscathed • Fourth Installment

**Life in the Trenches Is Full of Contrasts; Dainty Lunches Amidst Most Terrible Privations of War; Drinks and Kisses Cement Eternal Friendship With Influential Officers.**

**H**ERE the fourth installment of Ariel Vargès' story of "Mabius a War," as told by Hayden Lutton. Vargès is staff photographer of the *Heartbeat-South News* Historical and International News Service. He is now at the front with the Italian army. In previous chapters he has told of being sent to London to "make" the war. He went first to Europe, arranged to join Sir Thomas Lupton's party, "made" an earthquake in Italy, returned to Marseilles allied with the great English sportsmen to the Ionian, traversed Greece and Serbia to Belgrade, remained there for weeks after all the correspondents had fled the bombardment and the typhus epidemic to get a picture of a burning shell, traveled through the trenches for material. This chapter finds him still working to get action pictures for his service.

LONDON, August 5.—At this point in his narrative young Mr. Varges allowed himself the luxury of digressing for the only time in his long story—a digression that proved that this maker of photographs is somewhat of a philosopher. And his observations are sufficiently pertinent to merit my setting them down just as he expressed them. "You know," he began, "war does a lot of things besides make brutes of men. Of course, in a way, war does make brutes of all of us that are in it. But take 'Romey' as an example. He saved my life. I dare say any New Yorker would have done as much, but the point is New York's not a city of brutes. It's a city of angels. And my friends, a New Yorker takes it for granted that he never will have to do anything like that. What are the cops for?"

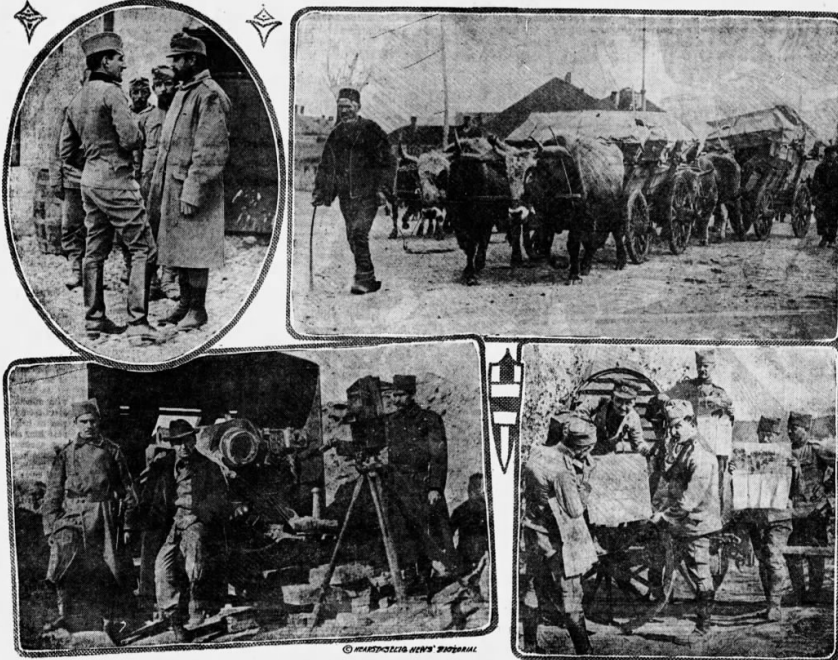
"The second thing about being in a war is the way it changes your own viewpoint. Even a newspaper photographer in New York never is IN anything. He comes along afterward. The Triangle shirtwaist fire was pretty awful to look at, but we photographers who hustled up there from Paris' row hadn't been through any of those horrors. Believe me, it is a mighty different thing writing about or even taking photographs of other people's hard luck from sharing their hard luck. And I began to appreciate the difference the instant I realized how close I'd been to that explosive bullet."

It was at this point of Mr. Vargas' education that he came into possession of one of the explosive bullets, thanks to a friendly soldier. It is different from a dum dum in not having a soft nose. The bullet is encased in steel, and from the outside has the appearance of a regular bullet. But within the harmless looking casing is a lead head, at the back of which is a brass chamber filled with fulminate of mercury and tailed with a detonating head, which rests on a pointed brass firing pin. The bullet, traveling at 2,900 feet per second, bursts on contact. The casing is destroyed, the soft lead head pushing the bursting charge into the firing pin.

**SERVED SEVEN COURSE LUNCHEON WITH ALL DAINTIES.**

"I thanked the soldier," continued Mr. Vargas. "But he was too nervous to care what I said. I was nervous myself. It's no use. You don't love it. Then they gave us some Turkish coffee, and we felt better. The next surprise, however, came at luncheon. Right out there, in a bomb proof, they set up a seven-course meal for us, better than could be bought in any restaurant in Serbia and the best of anything you could buy in London. Some of the other wives were Russians, so we were in Petrograd to escape the fever. These ladies sent all the delicacies obtainable in Petrograd—caviare, perfumes, chocolates, in the best manner of dainties. It was at this luncheon I became acquainted with an interesting Serbian custom.

If a Serb likes you he will drink Bruderschaft with you. The orderly brought in a tray for three of us. Romey shook his head. He didn't want anything to drink. The liquor is called ricke, and is a brandy made from plums. They passed me a glass, and then the captain in charge of the detachment on the island locked arms with me and we drained our glasses. Then he gave me a kiss! That was the first time any man ever kissed me. My father never did. But nobody seemed to think



### Some of Vargès' Illustrations of His Serbian Experiences

Upper Left—Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia talking to a wounded Serbian soldier.  
Upper Right—A method of transportation which Mr. Vargess and other travelers in Serbia have been compelled to adopt almost exclusively since the beginning of the war.  
Lower Left—Vargess and two Serbian soldiers after the inspection of a ruined gun in Serbia. This battery was destroyed by Austrian shell fire.  
Lower Right—Vargess and Serbian officers with copies of New York "American," brought to Serbia by Mr. Vargess.

anything of it, so I stood for it. The whole performance was repeated three times—drink, kiss and all. My attache drank with a lieu tenant. And that is the brudderschaft. It is not completed until the end of the third drink.

"Meantime Romey was getting more and more nervous. But the lieutenant decided I must drink another three rickies with him. After that we had tea (with rum in it), and when the captain and the lieutenant kissed me good-by I didn't care much whether the Austrians turned loose all their batteries on me. I found out later that this captain telephoned all along the front that I was a Serb from then on. I found it out when I got Romey to translate a saying they all used. It was, 'Only one Vargies in Serbia.' That was an introduction that got me any place. As a matter of fact, all the time I was in Serbia I never had to show my *laissez-passer*.

VARGES' PAL TAKES DOWN  
WITH DREAD TYPHOID.

"After Romye and I and my attack got back to Belgrade there was nothing doing for several days, the weather being too hot. Then Romye saved my life again. We were out at an artillery position, and I was looking out of a loop hole watching the shells bursting when Romye pulled me back. A shrapnel shell burst right in my ear it seemed to me. In any event, that ear was cracked. I can't hear out of that ear to this day. Romye was unharmed. But that is the way with shells. There were three men in the Belgrade fortress, all sitting on a gun limber. A shell burst. One of the men had his head blown off; another was killed by a piece of casing and the third was not even bruised!

"While we were in this artillery position Romey at last saw his fears come true. He was stricken with typhus. We had to stay where we were for three days, there being no way to move Romey, and at the end of the night to 405 centigrade. He looked pretty bad, and was sure he was going to die. Finally, on the fourth day, I took him to the village of Belgrade, where I got a big room in the hotel, third day poor Romey's temperature had fallen with a double bed in it. I put him on my own rubber blanket and changed wet sheets on him every fifteen minutes, night and day. I knew he had typhus, all right, but he was very young, and I thought that if he got it right off he would shake himself. So I made him believe he had recurrent fever."

"I wanted to have him moved to the

American hospital, but he said if he went to a hospital he would surely die. Just about then he became delirious. Finally I got my soldier-orderly and an old woman to change the sheets on him while I slipped outside and did my work. It was a case of working outside days and working with him at night. Meantime they wanted him out of the hotel. So I decided the best thing to give him a show (with 80 per cent death rate in typhus) was to get him into a hospital, and I was lucky enough to find an empty private room in the American Red Cross Hospital for Dr. Ryan. The next day he was struck down by typhus, besides two parasites from the British Mission and one from the French Mission—all my friends. Everybody was getting typhus by that time. A lot of my Serbian friends were down, most of them dead. I was alone in the hospital, and I used to talk my time with them in the hospital, bringing them oranges and things.

SERBIANS PAY NO ATTENTION  
TO SHELLS; THEY'RE USED TO IT.

"I suppose people might wonder why I didn't get it. I think it was just bull luck. But it may have been because I did exactly as I'd been told—bathing from head to foot, morning and night, first in hot water and then in kerosene. That advice came from a little English Red Cross nurse. The room at the hotel cost me two francs a day—a water for a bath 8 francs per bath! Of course I'd been bitten by the typhus vermin every night I slept in the same room, but they didn't seem to thrive on my kerosene-covered body. In any event their bites did not give me the fever.

"I didn't leave Romey until he was past the crisis and on the road to recovery. He'd saved my life twice, so I couldn't do less than stick by him.

"Just about this time Dr. Magruder came up from Jevjevica with typhus. He died in eight days after his arrival.

"While I was at Dr. Magruder's funeral twelve-inch shell hit the annex of the hotel and smashed my room into smithereens. All my cine film, locked in a tree trunk, was saved, but everything else was lost. I bought an overcoat from a British army officer who managed to keep his things. By this time the planes were paying attention to sheltering Austrian aeroplanes began coming over the city every day and dropping bombs. The big shells would come along—chug-chug-chug—capoat!—just for three seconds and then it's all over. Cobble stones that would be thrown a couple of blocks were the greatest danger.

The real test of the British and French and Russian missions were originally sent to Serbia was to block the Danube by mining the stream and by placing torpedoes in position to attack the Austrians. The first good work was accomplished by the French on the day the Austrians were driven from the Danube. They rounded up a piece for their big navy guns, but there wasn't time for them to move the guns or seven-inch navy ammunition into places of safety. They had to load the torpedoes and put the 300 rounds into Semlin and other Austrian positions. Their fire was so terrific that the Austrians for a whole day retreated, but they were back in the morning. The Serbs were retreating at the same time! Had the Serbs only known what these French guns were accomplishing they might have gone to the aid of the French. But, unfortunately, they didn't know it.

**SERBS EXPECTED TO TAKE  
OFFENSIVE AGAINST AUSTRIANS.**

"Later the British and the Russians blocked the Danube so successfully that the Austrian monitors are practically useless. All the Serbs were waiting for when I left the country was for the Danube to recede before taking the offensive. I see now that they are going through Albania in good shape. They call Albania No Man's Land, but it will give them a port on the Adriatic, in Scutari. The other half of their plans is to take Bosnia, which is the section of Austria peopled by Serbian speaking inhabitants.

"Admiral Ernest Troubridge is in command of the British mission. He is the man who was court-martialed for the escape of the Goeben and the Breslau. Being the ranking officer he is in charge of all the three missions, but they are all under the Serbians.

"The French bluejackets are great. Here they are, living in bomb proofs, with six feet of dirt and steel on top of them, 500 miles from the sea, sleeping in hammocks! Every-

thing is like a battleship—the huts like  
tween decks on a dreadnought. They have  
even chalked the beams with numbers, each  
of which is fitted with an eye to sling the  
hammocks from. With their side arms and  
their ship's bell they are still just as much  
sailors as ever.

"The bravest work done so far has been done by the British. On the night of April 21, a pitch black night, Lieutenant-Commander Charles Kerr, aide to Admiral Troubridge, with a picked crew, took the Admiral's fifty-foot picket boat, which had been shipped from Malta on flat cars, and went through their own and the Austrian mine fields for ten

poles up to Daube. Finally they got behind Semin Point, and located the monitors behind the shelter of an island. From the picket boat was hung a pair of twelve-foot Whitehead torpedoes. It hit the mud underneath the monitors and nothing happened except a big column of water. All the monitors threw their searchlights on the island. The distance between the monitors was only forty yards away. The lieutenant-commander let this monitor have the now they were in between Semin and the island. The monitors were in the water for the second torpedo. It blew the stern off. But we used their quick fires for fear of hitting Semin. The picket boat, with the current, ran into the island. The explosion of the monitor man of the expedition was injured. For exploit Lieutenant-commander Kerr won the color of the White Eagle at the hands of the

HAVE GREAT CONFIDENCE  
IN MAMMOTH FRENCH GUN.

"Austria has given up all hopes of using the Danube about Belgrade, but there is a canal from Semlin to Pancha, which they use to send stuff through Rumania to Turkey. On one occasion they sent a 300-foot ship through this canal with a crew, to each of whom was offered 100 francs in gold if they got her through this canal with a crew, to each of whom was offered 100 francs in gold if they got her through. The captain was a big lot of money for the crew. The captain was offered 100 francs by the Turks in the Bosphorus. But only the captain and two of his officers knew this. Off Vincha, a town on the Serbian bank of the Danube, near where the canal enters, this ship hit a Russian mine that blew her propeller and rudder off. The three men on board who knew the ship's cargo decided to jump overboard and swim to the shore. They followed, and jumped overboard, the captain swimming to the Austrian side and the two officers to the Serbian side. These two were captured.

"And that was where one of the most laughable events of the war came off. The French mine-battalion loaned one of their big seventy-five-centimetre guns to a Serbian artillery detachment at Vincha, and had told them to be very sparing of the ammunition, as there was not much of it. For weeks the Serbian gunners had been waiting for a target worthy of this monster gun. When the mine-carrying ship hit the Russian mine the gunner in charge of the French field piece thought it was a monitor—it was a very dark night—and he waited for the big ship to float down past him. When it was broadside on he let go with one shell. It hit the ship square amidships.

**Hearst-Selig Movie Man  
Continues His Graphic  
Account of Taking Pic-  
tures With Unprecedent-  
ed Obstacles; When He  
Left the Serbs Expected  
to Take the Offensive  
Against the Austrians.**

and instantly there was an explosion that was heard for twenty miles around.

"They found the smokestack 60 feet up on one hillside and a boiler two miles inland. Nothing else of that ship was left bigger than an American dollar. It had just been pulverized into bits. Of course most of the Serbians never found out that it was the cargo of mines that did the damage. They were sure it was this wonderful French gun! It is the only time that gun has ever been shot. And every Serb in that part of the country is dead sure now that with a dozen of them they could take Berlin!

**FRENCH EQUIPMENT BEATS  
ANYTHING ELSE IN SERBIA.**

"As a matter of fact the French equipment is by far the best of anything in Serbia," says a French observer. "The French aeroplanes being equipped with searchlights and machine guns. These French aviators direct the searchlight beams from the air. One of their most wonderful things is their searchlights that sweep the Danube and Austrian territory. They can be seen from a distance in a hole ten feet deep and just big enough for the lamp." The crew that operates it are in a small cabin, and the searchlight is mounted, which gives them command of twenty miles of river and trenches. A couple of miles back, the French have a searchlight on the ground. The searchlight is worked by magnetic control. When the current is thrown on the searchlight, the beam of light comes to the ground. A lever works in the flash, does the work of the searchlight, and the beam of light is directed to the angle which is desired. "It's the hardest thing in the world to hit a searchlight. When the French searchlight is directed to the angle of the light on it, and that alone silences the gun. The light on the sight of the gun makes it impossible to aim. The French searchlight is on that position all night, and the very next day the Serbian artillery goes to work on it, and the French searchlight is the first to get their shelling right then."

"And now I come to my meeting Major Alexander J. Srb, who turned out to be the best friend I ever had. . . . was after I had been in the army for one month. He was a sergeant-major in the 1st Infantry, was assigned to Semendria, in an ox wagon. He was the commandant of the district from Vlasna to Duberetzki. I was with him three weeks. And when I left I had become secretary to the Admiral of the Black Sea Navy. How that happened I still pressel to my chest. He had wanted me to take a commission in the artillery because of my knowledge of big guns. But I couldn't see it. Then he began giving me a series of dinners in the bomb proofs, and I was so full of food that I couldn't hardly get to go out on business, which was to take me to Duberetzki, forty miles away. I expected to have to make it in an ox wagon, but Major Srb wouldn't hear of such a thing.

TRAVELS THROUGH FLOOD  
UNDER AUSTRIAN FIRE.

"He detailed six men to take me to Duberitz by boat—through the flooded districts back of the Danube, on the Serbian side. Most of the way we were behind the first line Serbian trenches. A good deal of the time we were under shell fire from the Austrians, but they never came within ten yards of us. We almost got our finish, however, just as we came around a point near Duberitz. Here a Serb sentry, thinking we must be an Austrian scouting party, took a shot at us. Fortunately, his aim was bad and before he could start again my attaché stood up and told him in choice Serbian profanity what he thought of him.

"From Duberitsch we went on to Petka, a walk of eight miles. Another batch of six men carried our luggage, thanks to Major Srb, who had telephoned along to have this done. Between Duberitsch and Petka was stationed a battalion of Comitates under the command of Major Wjoja Tankositsch, the man the Austrians say is responsible for the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and thus the man who started the European war. I had previously seen him twice, once in a cafe in Niah and once in a cafe in Belgrade, and in both places the people had stood up and cheered him, and many of them had crowded around and kissed him.

"According to the story they tell me, he had ten boys in Sarajevo, all of them under 18, whom he had taught to shoot and throw bombs. Two of these were caught, as everybody knows, but they have never been executed because of their youth. The other eight are the major criminals. The Comitages are the pets of the country. All of them are never surrenders, but commits suicide with the long knife he carries in his boot if he is about to be captured. With 300 of these Comitages Major Tankositch killed 1,200 Austrian cavalry in one night attack. And they accomplished that feat without firing a shot, and without losing a single man, anywhere. Their weapon is a peculiar hand bomb, unlike anything known in the rest of Europe." (To be concluded next Sunday.)



# INDOMITABLE SERBIA HAS A GREAT FUTURE IN THE WAR, SAYS VARGES

Hearst-Selig Photographer Declares Regenerated Little State Will Astonish Their Allies With a Carefully Prepared Offensive. Fifth Installment

**Army Now Numbers 500,000 Men, All Well Equipped and Magnificently Fit; Fear of a Return of Typhus Plague Has Disappeared.**

HERE is the fifth installment of Aric Varges' story of "Raising a War," as told by Hayden Talbot. Varges is staff photographer at the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial and International News Review. He is now at the front with the Italian army. In previous chapters he has told of being sent to Europe to "make" the war. He went first to London, convinced to join Sir Thomas Lipton's party, "made" an earthquake in Italy, returned to Montevideo, sailed with the great English sportsman to Rionda, traversed Greece and, Serbia to Belgrade, remained there for weeks after all the correspondents had fled the bombardment and the typhus epidemic to get a picture of a harvest shell, traveled through the trenches for material. This chapter finds him still working to get action pictures for his service.

LONDON, August 15.—Not the least extraordinary thing about young Mr. Varges is that he should have lived five months on terms of great intimacy among the Serbs while obtaining movies for the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial and to have come out of the little country as strictly neutral in his sympathies as the most ardent of any of President Wilson's followers. If he dwells at length on the cruelty of the Austrians in making use of a machine gun explosive bullet, he is no less emphatic in his denunciation of the methods adopted by the Austrians with their infernal hand bombs.

"The only difference is," as he sagaciously puts it, "that the Austrians are taking no risks with his explosive bullet, while the Contingent has a perfectly good chance of being blown to kingdom come every minute he dares with his bomb."

And according to Mr. Varges' description of the way these mountain fighters, all boys, handle their unique weapons, there is no questioning the danger they run. The bomb is quite harmless until a fulminating cap attached to our end of it has been struck on some hard surface, such as rock. After that it is not supposed to explode until twelve seconds have elapsed.

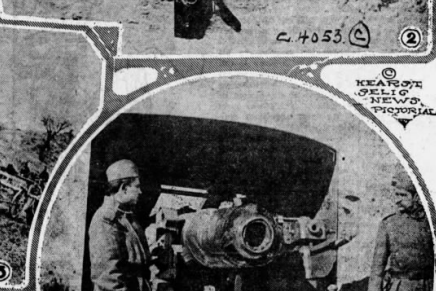
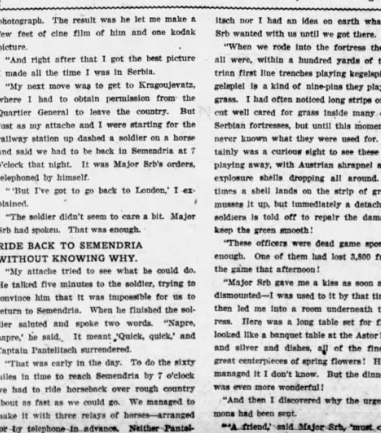
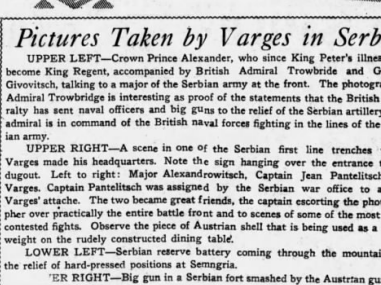
"And so," explains Mr. Varges, "these Contingent crawl along on their stomachs right close up to the enemy, and when they are within throwing distance they begin to strike these bombs on whatever hard surface is at hand. They wait until they count ten. Then they throw the bomb along as hard as they can throw it. Sometimes they don't count fast enough and there is no Contingent loss."

And hereupon Mr. Varges points out that the hand grenade throwers on the western front are really better sportsmen than these Contingents—if they are less inept in devising a bomb that has no "count back." It seems that on frequent occasions bombs hurled by the British and French, failing to explode, have been promptly thrown back by the Germans, successfully. When a Contingent lets his bomb go the only question is how soon it will explode.

**SURE SERBS WILL SURPRISE WITH THEIR AMAZING DEFENSE.**  
His attention called to his surprising absence of bias in favor of the Serbs, Mr. Varges made his position plain in a sentence. "I'm as keen about them as they are themselves," he said, "but a Serbian soldier is the biggest booster for the Austrians you could find anywhere. It's so with all fighting men I've ever met. It's only the people that never saw the front that talk about superiority of one country over another. They're all good! And when it comes to 'uncivilized warfare,' you might as well talk about tender tortures."

For all his neutrality, however, Mr. Varges is very sure the Serbs will astonish their allies during the next few months with the results of the great offensive they have so long prepared. Their army now numbers 500,000 men, all well equipped and magnificently fit. The fear of a return of the typhus plague has disappeared.

"Make Frankfort," said Mr. Varges, resuming his narrative, "had never been known to pose for a photographer, and at first it looked as if I shouldn't be able to make him. But after a fine lunch he gave me I discovered that he carried a photograph of the two boys who assassinated the Archduke. That was my device, and I used it. For a while he wouldn't hear of my making him, but finally I showed him how bad his own Contingent would feel if anything happened to him and they didn't have his



**Varges Tells Of the Beginning of the Serbian 'Navy' and How He Became the Secretary to the First Admiral.**

the nearest drop of water, but which now was in the middle of the flooded area. I began to fumble to the job along about this time, but Major Srb never let the net out of the bag at all. And that poor secretary never woke up until he got back to Belgrade!

**OF COURSE THE ADMIRAL HAD TO HAVE A SECRETARY.**

"After he had left I suggested to Major Srb that such a job was not altogether a job, after all. Why shouldn't Serbia have a navy? It put the thing in a different light to Major Srb. They only had the Danube to use the navy in, but still that was no reason for not having a navy!"

"So off we went together, down toward the town, looking for the first unit of our navy! Finally we discovered a little old fishing boat—a cross between a gondola and a watering trough—and the Major promptly commandeered it on the spot. While he was putting a Serbian flag on the stern I got busy in the bow and put an American flag on a stick there! Then the Major sent off his orderly to get a bottle of ricks and when we got that we smashed it on the gunwale—and christened the first boat of the Serbian navy!"

"The Major decided nobody was better fitted for the job of Admiral of the new navy than he was and, then, his first appointment was to make me his secretary!"

From Kragujevac Mr. Varges went the next day to Nish and thence to Belgrade. His arrival in Italy coincided with his declaration of war, but as his orders were to proceed to the London Bureau of the Hearst organization (and, as he adds, he was unable to buy any cine film in Italy), he continued his journey via Paris and finally arrived in London. After leaving Greece he developed recurrent fever, from which he suffers yet. Also, we quote his own words, his left ear is "a little capot still."

Mr. Varges did not leave Serbia until he received assurances from the American Red Cross Hospital in Belgrade that his friend "Romeo" was well on the road to recovery. Since his arrival in London he has had a cablegram announcing the arrival in Rome of the Italian photographer-correspondent. But "Romeo," according to Mr. Varges, is a "wreck"—with a defective heart and defective hearing as a result of the fever. It is unlikely that Rome will ever have his for the colors now.

**SERBIA WILL ACCOMPLISH A GREAT DEAL IN WAR, SAYS VARGES.**

Mr. Varges is more than usually optimistic as to Serbia's future in the war. As he was leaving the country fifty English army surgeons and fifty French army surgeons were arriving. These men, with several hundred surgeons already in Serbia, are rapidly performing their mission of making immune from further contagion every fighting man in the country. Just how great a work this may be attested from the fact that out of 60,000 Austrian prisoners, 40,000 had died of typhus before Mr. Varges left Serbia. No fewer than 70 per cent of the surgeons who went into the country with the first mission have died.

But the outlook is very much brighter now. The whole Serbian first line is composed of new men, brought up from Macedonia and the spirit of the country is as indomitable as it ever was. The haploest enemy, however, for a clean Serbia is the immediate future, according to Mr. Varges, is the recent arrival of the members of the International Red Cross Commission to Serbia, an organization formed and financed by the Rockefeller War Relief Committee and headed by Dr. H. F. Strong and Surgeon General George Dr. Strong is the man who discovered the children germ.

Under their direction all Serbia is being divided into fourteen states, in each of which the task of cleaning up the country is in the hands of members of the commission, aided by local physicians. The methods adopted are similar to those used with such success by Gorgas in the Panama Canal zone and, more recently, on the Rand in Africa. The Serbian army is divided into two broad classes, the curative and preventive. In each case the object of the workmen is to isolate individuals instead of herding them together in improvised hospitals or in barracks.

Mr. Varges has one last word to say—and it is directed to young Americans. In view of the uncertain future of the part the United States is to play in the European struggle his message, inspired by what he has seen in operations without anesthetics and deaths from malignant analgesia, may have value.

"If you want to be a soldier," says Mr. Varges, "or a war photographer—keep away from hospitals!"

(THE END.)

## Pictures Taken by Varges in Serbia

UPPER LEFT—Crown Prince Alexander, who since King Peter's illness, has become King Regent, accompanied by British Admiral Trowbridge and General Givovitch, talking to a major of the Serbian army at the front. The photograph of Admiral Trowbridge is interesting as proof of the statements that the British admiralty has sent naval officers and big guns to the relief of the Serbian artillery. The admiral is in command of the British naval forces fighting in the lines of the Serbian army.

UPPER RIGHT—A scene in one of the Serbian first line trenches where Varges made his headquarters. Note the sign hanging over the entrance to the dugout. Left to right: Major Alexandrowitch, Captain Jean Pantelitch and Varges. Captain Pantelitch was assigned by the Serbian war office to act as Varges' attaché. The two became great friends, the captain escorting the photographer over practically the entire battle front and to scenes of some of the most hotly contested fights. Observe the piece of Austrian shell that is being used as a paper weight on the rudely constructed dining table.

LOWER LEFT—Serbian reserve battery coming through the mountains to the relief of hard-pressed positions at Semgria.

ER RIGHT—Big gun in a Serbian fort smashed by the Austrian gun fire.

photograph. The result was he let me make a few feet of cine film of him and one kodak picture.

"And right after that I got the best picture I made all the time I was in Serbia.

"My next move was to get to Kragujevac, where I had to obtain permission from the Quarter General to leave the country. But just as my attaché and I were starting for the railway station up dashed a soldier on a horse and said we had to be back in Semendria at 7 o'clock that night. It was Major Srb's orders, telephoned by himself.

"But I've got to go back to London," I explained.

"The soldier didn't seem to care a bit. Major Srb had spoken. That was enough.

**RIDE BACK TO SEMENDRIA WITHOUT KNOWING WHY.**

"My attaché tried to see what he could do. He talked five minutes to the soldier, trying to convince him that it was impossible for us to return to Semendria. When he finished the soldier saluted and spoke two words. "Napre, napre," he said. It meant, "Quick, quick," and Captain Pantelitch surrendered.

"That was early in the day. To do the sixty miles in time to reach Semendria by 7 o'clock we had to ride horseback over rough country about as fast as we could go. We managed to make it with three relays of horses—arranged for by telephone in advance. Neither Pantelitch nor I had an idea on earth what Major Srb wanted with us until we got there.

"When we rode into the fortress there they all were within a hundred yards of the Austrian first line trenches playing kriegspiel! Kriegspiel is a kind of solitaire they play on the grass. I had often noticed long strips of closely cut well cared for grass inside many of these Serbian fortresses, but until this moment I had never known what they were used for. It certainly was a curious sight to see these officers playing away, with Austrian sharpshooters and high explosive shells dropping all around. Sometimes a shell lands on the strip of grass and mows it up, but immediately a detachment of soldiers is told off to repair the damage and keep the grass smooth.

"These officers were dead game sports, sure enough. One of them had lost 3,500 francs at the game that afternoon!

"Major Srb gave me a kiss as soon as I had dismounted—it was used to it by that time—and then led me into a room underneath the fortress. Here was a long table set for fifty. It looked like a banquet table at the Astor! Linen and silver and dishes, all of the finest, and great enterprises of spirit food! How they managed it I don't know. But the dinner itself was even more wonderful!

"And then I discovered why the urgent summons had been sent.

"A friend," said Major Srb, "must come as

often as he drinks the brothership, three times.

"You have come to see me twice. This is the third time, my friend, my secretary."

"Everybody laughed when he called me his secretary, and it is a funny story. I'll tell it presently."

"But I've got to catch the midnight train from 'Pan'!" I protested. "Plan's fifty miles away."

"You can't," said Major Srb. (And I knew I couldn't the way he said it.) "I'm in command. You have no permission."

"As much as I liked him I thought he was taking a mean advantage of me, until I found out later that he had made all arrangements to send me out at 3 o'clock the next morning on a train of flat cars that would get me to Plan in time to connect with a special troop train which was going to Kragujevac. On that troop train Major Srb had had a special cabin in the Red Cross car reserved for me.

"Now that you're leaving us," he told me, "you can't get fussy."

"As a matter of fact I did not go through to Kragujevac on the troop train. It was held up at Lapez, three hours out from military headquarters. But at the station was a military automobile waiting for me! And in it I got to Kragujevac two hours earlier than if I had taken the midnight train from Plan. Major Srb had kept in touch with that troop train all along the line, and when he discovered it was going to be held up he telephoned military headquarters to send me out to meet me.

**FAST PLANS FOR BUILDING A GREAT SERBIAN NAVY.**

"And now for my title of 'Secretary to the Admiral of the Serbian navy.' With the British officer's consent and a cap Sir Thomas had

given me on board the Erin, I suppose I looked natural in these Serbs, most of whom never saw the ocean. But that really had nothing to do with my appointment. What counted for more than anything else, so far as my make-up went, was a pair of navy rubber boots I wore.

The Serbs decided I must be a very important man in my own country to have a pair of boots like those!

"The crowd in Belgrade had christened me a 'ragabondo prima classe'—which means just what it sounds. And I expect they didn't want me to have the country until they had put over one good job, with me in it somewhere. So they concocted a scheme, the outcome of which was that Admiral Trowbridge's secretary, a young naval officer, was sent with his Serbian orderly on a 'secret mission' to Major Srb. This secret mission was nothing less than to arrange with Major Srb for the construction of a Serbian navy!

"The Admiral's secretary had no idea the whole thing was a joke. He was in a deadly earnest. And when he got to the Semendria fortress he came into Major Srb's room. (Where I happened to be) as if he were carrying a commission from the King. The first thing he did was to ask that I leave the room. But Major Srb wouldn't leave that. I was his friend. The secretary could speak freely. But the secretary insisted that his mission was secret. Major Srb fixed that quickly. 'Oh, no,' he said politely. 'My friend, here, knows all about the plan to build dreadnaughts.' I didn't know a thing about it, but I kept quiet.

"Well, that poor secretary stayed there an hour, going into the scheme elaborately. Great shipbuilding plans were to be secret behind the fortress which ordinarily was a good mile from